Some legs are meant to be broken. by boogiewrites

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Summary:

When Hopper breaks both of his legs, and you're the newest employee at the station, it means you get recruited to be his babysitter. Would he be as frustratingly difficult to deal with as you imagine?
(Originated from a request to write Hopper in a similar situation to Andy Dwyer from Parks and Rec when he had two broken legs. This was where that prompt took me.)

1. Part 1

You're the newest employee at the station, this means you always end up doing all the things no one else wants to. Even if you have been there almost 3 years now. This time it happened to be that the hierarchy had passed down the duties of going and visiting the Chief while he's stuck at home with two broken legs.

You rub the space between your eyes with your middle finger.
"So because no one else wants to, I have to go take care of a very angry baby in the form of a man with two broken legs, because you're all afraid to deal with him?" you let out a heavy sigh, resting your hands on your hips.
"You're starting to get it." Callahan says like you're the dumb one out of the two of you.
"Now, the Chief is gonna get depressed go crazy up there if we leave him alone, you've been here long enough to know that," Powell counter offers. "Yeah he's gonna be mad, but he's mad at himself, not you, so don't take it personally."
"I've been here long enough to know that too." you roll your eyes.
"You're the best choice dear, really," Flo adds in, her arms crossed. "You're so good at comforting people that come in here, just use that on him."
"You're the smallest out of us so maybe he'll be less inclined to want to hurt you…as well…" Calahan tries to add what he found to be helpful advice. He trails off, noticing the looks from the rest of the room at his useless suggestion. You purse your lips.
"What I think Cal is trying to say is out of all us, he has the least to be mad about at you. So maybe he'd prefer to see a nice face instead of ours." he motions to the rest of the group.
"You all have to take some of the trips out there, I am not paid enough to babysit a grown man almost every night. I'd have gotten married if I wanted to deal with that bullshit." you argue, arms crossing. Flo let's out a snort of laughter that tells you she understands. Callahan laughs at your cursing because you tried not to at work. Powell just sort of nods and shrugs in agreement.
"Fair enough." Powell nods.
"Can I get like a, 70/30 ratio at least?" you ask, reaching out your hand.

“Deal.” you shake on it.
“I’m not going to have to sponge bath him am I?” you laugh out loud, your shoulders bouncing.
“No I made him hire one of those nurses, we just need you to humor him, keep his mind off of things.” Flo explains through a few small laughs at your reaction. Powell and Callahan had moved away and started another conversation.
“So…am I watching movies with him? Cooking for him?” you sigh, only your 500th of the day it felt like.
“However you want to spend your time, dear. Take some alcohol is my suggestion.” she shrugs.
“I really am babysitting.” you shake your head. “Man I hope he isn’t going to be as big of an asshole as I think he is.”
“Better to be over prepared than under prepared.” Flo says, patting you on the back.
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You make the long drive out to the Chief’s place. You pull up behind his Blazer and shut the car off. Everyone else had taken their turn first at visiting the Chief, which you were thankful for. You were also slightly insulted they had assumed your Friday night would be free of plans, even though it was. After making sure you’re hidden from any peeking eyes from the windows, you rest your head on the back of your seat and take a few deep breaths. You’d worked with this man for years, you’d learned from personal experience and from your coworkers how to navigate his moods. Just because you could do it didn’t mean you wanted to though. His knack for getting and staying annoyed would be impressive if it wasn’t so damn frustrating to work around.
You made your way up to his door, fussed with your appearance for a moment, and got a better grip on the heavy bag of groceries in your arm. You tap your knuckles against the metal door.
“It’s open!” you hear the Chief’s voice boom from the other side.
You peek your head in first, he’s on the couch, remote in hand, legs spread out in two casts that are peeking out from underneath a blanket he’s pulled over himself.
“Hey.” you say, giving an only partially fake smile.
“Oh, hey Y/N,” he looks surprised. “I didn’t know if you’d be coming over, I thought you might’ve finally snapped and made them do all the dirty work for once.” he smirks as you lay the bag on the kitchen counter.

“I’m not that lucky, still at the bottom of the totem pole I’m afraid,” you let out a small laugh as you start emptying the contents of the bag. “I’m gonna poke around your kitchen if you don’t mind.” you start, looking in the fridge. “I thought I’d make you dinner if that’s alright.” you turn to look at him, he looks surprised again. “I figured they just brought you fast food all week. You’re healing so you need real food.” you take out some pots and pans.
“Oh. Well, yeah, thanks.” he shakes his head. “That’s…more than fine, that sounds great.” he lets a small smile appear on his face. “I don’t know the last time I had someone cook for me.” he pauses as if he’s trying to remember. “Thanks.” he says, looking back to the TV.
“They must’ve given you the good pain pills” you laugh, continuing to start dinner.
“Why’s that?” he asks, his face questioning.
“Because you’re being so nice.” you say, looking over your shoulder and laughing. He scoffs at your response. “Or being off work has relaxed you,” you pause, “Which I highly doubt.” you mumble your afterthought into the empty expanse of the fridge.
“That or I’m just trying to be grateful…” he raises an eyebrow at you, watching you move around the kitchen.
“That could also be a reason,” you smile while you face him, opening up packages. “Combo of the pills and that maybe?” you tilt your head at him playfully. It was so nice to not be barked at by him. He laughs at your response.
“That must be it.” he grins and turns back to the tv as you place a large pot on the stove. “Can I ask what you’re making?” he says so politely. You could get used to this nice version of the Chief.
“Chili.” you proudly chirp. “It’s easy and fast. This way you’ll have a few meals already finished for the weekend. I personally think it’s delicious.”
“I’ve had your baking before,” he shifts in his seat. “It was delicious. ” he keeps looking at the TV as he speaks.
“Well thank you, Chief…uh… I mean…Jim?” you laugh, realizing you didn’t have to call him Chief because you weren’t working. You’d never hung out with Jim outside of work. “Since we’re not working, I guess I don’t need to call you Chief, do I?” your head tilts again, subconsciously trying to appear cute so he wouldn’t be so mean if he denied your request.
“Nah, it’s fine.” he laughs. “We aren’t working, call me whatever you want.” his shoulders still, he waits for you to turn away before he

watches you again. He hadn't had a woman cook him a meal out of the goodness of her heart in many lonely years. He really was grateful, it wasn't the pills.
"Alright then, Jim," you emphasize his name. "I also brought this…" you set a bottle of bourbon on the coffee table. "Don't spend it all in one place." you joke as you walk back to the kitchen.
"Jesus Y/N," he reaches for the bottle, inspecting it. "You really know how to treat a man, don't you?" he smirks. You feel a slight blush rise to your face and you're glad you aren't facing him.
"Tell that to all my ex's," you huff and shake your head. "Plus you're hurt, and being hurt fucking sucks," you laugh, leaning on the counter to face him. "And don't tell anyone else I said this but you deserve it." you give him a sweet smile before you twirl around to get back to cooking.
He chuckles at your response, sitting the bottle back on the table. He finds himself distracted as you take off your sweater, leaving you in a thin t-shirt. He watches you move around his kitchen like it's where you should naturally be. He was glad the others were making you come over. "I'm guessing your date didn't go well a few weeks back then?" he prods, eyes back to the TV.
You turn your head to look at him. "How did you know about that?" you narrow your eyes at him.
"I know lots of things, Y/N," he laughs. "It's sorta my job." he grins.
"Callahan said something." you shake your head and Jim lets out a loud laugh, he winces, being reminded of his broken legs and beaten up body. "What a snitch." you mumble, stirring the red liquid.
"Yeah you can't tell him anything, sweetheart." he tries to resituate himself on the couch.
You're surprised by his use of a pet name for you. It manifests itself as butterflies in your stomach. Not even the guys you'd tried to date recently called you that. You chew your bottom lip, trying to think if the Chief had ever called you that before. You just had numerous flashbacks to women he'd dated who had shown up at the station, he'd called them that. Must be nice to have someone to call you pet names, you sighed. Your loneliness trying to creep out of the locked box you kept it in deep in your brain. "Well I didn't tell him, he just overheard me." you say low, dropping the meat into the bubbling liquid. "And no…that…did not go well." your mouth draws together in a thoughtful pose unintentionally.
Jim nods in response, seeing that your expression has fallen, he

purses his lips wondering what made you withdraw from your usual animated self. He decides to just shut up and let you finish cooking, he didn't mean to upset you. You float about his small kitchen, glad you'd bought everything you needed because Jim's kitchen was barren. After you've tasted your work, you nod in approval and head to the couch. You gently sit down, not wanting to jostle Jim too much. He looks over at you. You answer him before he even asks the question.

"I wanna let it simmer for a little while, makes it taste better." you give him a small smile and scoot a little closer, trying to get a good eye on the TV. "You don't mind me sitting on the couch with you, do you? Because I can move over to the recliner if you-"

"It's fine, Y/N" he smirks at you. He was quite fond of you, you were a great employee, you were tough and smart, but he'd never been this close to you before and he started to notice things he hadn't before. Like how Y/E/C your eyes were. He wondered if he was just feeling amorous from lack of human contact, or if it was just you.

"Thanks." you say, scooting to the middle seat, while he took up the majority of the far side of the couch. "You need anything before I get too settled in?" you ask, nudging him with your elbow.

"Nah, I'm good, thanks." he pats your knee and you get those butterflies again. You preferred them to blushing, you can hide butterflies. The small smirk on your face you try to bury with the butterflies. This wasn't anywhere near as painful as you thought it would be. You would even dare to say you were enjoying yourself with this version of Jim you hadn't encountered before.

"I didn't know what you'd like to do, so I brought some movies." you look over at him, he turns his head back to you. "I wasn't totally sure what you liked so I got way too many to choose from." you let out a small nervous laugh.

"Well, what've you got?" he asks as you get the tapes out of your bag.

"I've got… The Good, The Bad and the Ugly, a classic. The Evil Dead, Butch and Sundance another classic, Monty Python and…Octopussy." you give him an immature giggle.

He smiles and shakes his head at you. He reaches over and takes the cassettes out of your hands, you're suddenly very aware of how big his hands are as they cover yours for a few seconds. "You did good, Y/N" he nods and wears an inquisitive look on his face, much more than was granted for the situation. It's your turn to get a good, close up look at him. You notice the way his hair curls at the ends, needing

to be trimmed. You could smell his cologne and you wondered if his eyes had always been this blue. He looks over at you, catching you staring at him, you act casual. “You’ve got good taste.” he puts the movies on the table, handing you one in particular. “Let’s watch something I’ve not seen a hundred times.” he chuckles “And go with Evil Dead, I’ve heard the kids talking about this one.”
“I always took you as a Clint Eastwood kinda man.” you say as you move towards the tv, putting in the tape but not starting it.
“I will take that as a compliment. I’d also say you’re right.” his eyes crinkle around the edges, his handsome smile follows you along with his eyes into the kitchen. “I’ve seen The Good, The Bad and The Ugly a thousand times.” he pauses and debates on saying what came to mind next as it might be a little too heavy handed on the flirting that he thought might be happening between the two of you. Nothing wrong with a little harmless flirting between two single adults, he thought. “You won’t get too scared watching this will you?” he teases.
“Ha! Good one. I love horror movies.” You check the chili, licking the dipped spoon and making a noise of approval. “Mmmm, that’s what I wanted.” you say to yourself. “You won’t get too scared watching it will you?” you retort, your words and mannerisms sassy as you turn your body towards him.
He acts offended, his hand on his chest. “Maybe.” he says before both of you laugh loudly together.
“Well I’m a professional at watching horror movies so you’re safe with me.” you say through fading laughter. You give the chili one last stir. “Ready to eat?” you chirp. He nods and makes a come here motion with his hand.
“Yes, I’m starving.” you shimmy proudly to the couch with crackers and bowls full. He mirrors you unintentionally as you both blow on the bowls as if it’ll have any effect to cool it down. You put a sleeve of saltines between the both of you on the couch. “This smells amazing.” he praises. You close your eyes with smugness and wiggle your shoulders.
“Wait ‘til you eat it then you can compliment my work.” you chuckle.
“You put crackers in yours too?” you ask, offering him the opened sleeve. He nods.
“Oh yeah.” he grins. Taking a handful.
“Are you a dipper or do you like to crumble them?” you inquire.
“Well, how do you do it?” he asks, almost smirking at how adorable

you were when you were proud of yourself.
“Let’s just do it at the same time and see then, shall we?” you have a fairly dopey smile on your face, you’d never had this much fun with the Chief before, you were enjoying yourself a little too much. You both hold your crackers above your bowls as if you’re about to race each other. You both fist the crackers, crumbling them up and adding them to the concoction. You both laugh when you realize you take it the same way.
“Ah, looks like you have good taste in weird eating habits along with your movie choices.” he beams at you, he hadn’t enjoyed himself much since getting hurt. He’d not let himself, honestly, he’d been too mad about breaking his legs. When the other people from the station came by, it felt like they had to be there. But you came in and lit up the room, not a trace of pity or annoyance in your voice or demeanor. He couldn’t put into words how much he appreciated that.
“Thanks, Jim,” you give a shy smile. “Looks like we’re just two weirdos.” you laugh, “Try it! I wanna know what you think.” you say nudging his elbow just slightly, “I accept compliments and praise and cash.” you laugh at your own joke, blowing on the spoon you’ve raised to your lips. He laughs as he brings the spoon up to his mouth.
“Well quit making me laugh and I will.” he says with faux anger. You push your lips together to show you’re shutting up. You start eating and it’s just as good as you wanted it to be. You’re proud of yourself, you love to cook for people, it’s how you expressed your love best.
“Well hot damn,” he says, licking his lips. “That’s fuckin’ delicious,” his eyebrows are raised,and he looks at you as he takes another spoonful into his mouth and swallows. “I really mean that.” he nudges your elbow.
“I know.” you laugh, placing a hand on your chest dramatically. “And thanks. I really mean that.” you beam with pride. “It makes me sad no one has cooked for you in so long.” You speak before you think about what you’re saying, you were feeling a little too comfortable, you try to cover for yourself. “I think everyone needs a home cooked meal made with love from time to time.” you say a little sad, “The guys at the station need to get their shit together and take better care of you.” you chuckle to lighten the tone. The look on his face shows that he’s intently listening.
“Is that why it’s so good? It’s got love in it?” he grins, his tone almost teasing. He’s noticing your shyness at your own words. You let out a nervous laugh.

“That’s what I think it is anyway,” your closed lips form a smile. “That or it’s because I use lots of seasoning.” you scrunch your nose and shrug.
“Could be both?” he offers as a suggestion, trying to make you comfortable again.
“Let’s go with your theory, you’re the Chief after all.” you joke. You both eat and the show on TV ends.
“You wanna start the movie?” you ask, taking your bowls to the kitchen. You sift through his cabinets again, being happy to find glasses suitable for alcohol. The ice cubes clink against the glass as you look over to Jim, who is absent-mindedly rubbing a hand over his stomach. Your cold heart warms just a bit.
“Yeah,” he answers, before looking over at you, he turns to see you holding two glasses with ice. “Bring it on over here.” he calls, motioning with his arm for you to sit next to him. You gladly do as he suggests. You open the bottle and pour a small amount of liquor into your glasses.
“Now normally I wouldn’t let anyone drink if they’re on pain pills.” you say, holding the glass just out of his reach. “But you’re a rather large man so,” you shrug. “I figure you can handle it.”
“They only tell you not to drink on pain pills because they don’t want you to have any fun.” he says as if it’s factual, a grin on his lips. He holds out the glass out, suggesting a toast.
“Oh, so that’s why?” you laugh, raising your glass close to his. You let out a sigh to stop your laughter. “Here’s to you getting better.” you clink your glass to his.
“To your cooking,” he adds, nodding. You knock your glasses together, taking a sip of the golden liquid. He smacks his lips and closes his eyes. “Oh, you got the good shit, didn’t you? Mmmm.” an almost painfully large smile is on your face, he was smelling the bourbon with eyes closed, a smile on his lips, swirling the liquid around.
“Look at you, acting like you’re a sommelier or somethin’.” you feel the warmth of the alcohol burning your stomach and warming your face. You gently knock the arm that’s holding the glass, disrupting his swirling.
“Hey, it’s a sin to spill liquor this good.” he playfully snaps back. You laugh while you look at him over your glass, taking another sip.
“Yeah it is pretty good.” you let out a feminine giggle, the liquor was already starting to work just a few sips in. You were such a

lightweight. Jim gives you a smile you've not seen before, watching you sit with your legs crossed, both hands barely holding your glass as your lips pout around the edge of the glass. At least you had the excuse of 'It's the alcohol' if he asks why you're blushing. "You gonna press play or what?" you ask, turning yourself back towards the TV. He fast forwards through the previews.
"You sure you're not gonna get scared?" he asks again, you turn to him straight-faced.
"If I can work for you I can handle anything." you say before you snort into your glass.
"Hey!" he almost yells, you laugh together as you let yourself sink into the couch. "I'm not that bad," he says, unconvinced, "Am I?" he asks, taking another drink, looking up and contemplating the question himself, "Probably am." he mumbles.
"You really want me to answer that, Chief?" you giggle. He smacks your knee lightly.
"You're probably right, I don't want to fire you." he smirks and side eyes you. "You're one of the few with a brain in that bunch." now it's his turn to snort at his own joke into his glass.
"Thank you, I'm quite fond of my brain." you look very pleased with yourself. He starts to hit play, but you startle him by shouting, "Oh! Can I turn the lights off?" you ask almost childlike with enthusiasm in the way your eyes went wide. He raises an eyebrow, questioningly at you.
"With two broken legs, I'm afraid I'm out of commission, darlin'." he says teasing you. You roll your eyes and scoff at him loudly.
"Ha! You never miss a chance to be inappropriate with a bad joke, do you?" you laugh, "Not what I meant, Hop. " you push his shoulder slightly. "I like watching horror movies in the dark. It's more fun that way." you plainly state. "Besides, it's our first date Jim, what kind of woman do you take me for?" you laugh, your hand lingering on his shoulder. You get up to switch off the overhead light and lamp.
"Is that what this is? A date?" his eyebrows are raised, watching you move across the room over his glass of bourbon.
"Well, no." You say still standing, stumbling your way back to the couch in the dark. "I think someone has to ask the other to go on a date." you pretty much fall into the couch, you try to get back in a comfortable position. "I'm here to entertain you, take your mind off of how shitty it is to have two broken legs." you nod as a punctuation to your statement, turning towards him. The light from the TV barely

lit your faces, but you could still see the look in his eyes. You knew the blush on your face, hidden in the dark, and the tingling you usually get when you start to get nice and buzzed might be from him and not the alcohol. You'd never felt this way around him before, but you'd also never gotten him alone before either. He was your boss so you'd tried hard to not sexualize him to make your job easier. And I mean tried hard. The last thing you need is a crush on your boss. You tried not to think much of it, you're getting flustered because a handsome man is flirting with you, that's totally normal. No need to stew on it for too long.

"Well this has already been better than most of the dates I've been on," he says low. He means it but it sounds like a joke as it comes out of his mouth. "If your goal was to take my mind off of this bullshit," he taps on his casts, "then you've most certainly succeeded." he pats your knee again. "Thanks, by the way. Hanging with you has been the most fun I've had in awhile." a shy but sad expression comes across his face.

"Good. I'm glad. You're welcome," you respond, a girlish smile forces it's way to your lips. "I still mean what I said earlier, by the way." you add, taking a sip. You can see him tilt his head in question. "That you deserve it." you say sweetly, sincerely. You turn your face towards him to prove that you're not joking, you lock eyes. And he really did deserve it. He took so much shit from awful people all day, every day. "Not to get sappy from this, but… " you raise your glass and wiggle it slightly, "I couldn't do your job. I don't know how you do it, honestly. It can be so thankless. You get blamed for everything and none of it is ever your fault. You fix this town's problems and it rarely ever gives you anything in return, which is bullshit because you sacrifice so much of yourself for everyone else's well being. Don't think I haven't noticed. But you keep letting people scream at you and hit you and you just keep going. It's damn impressive, honestly. " you give him another sincere smile, your eyes wide.

"You've been talking about how nice I've been all night but what about you?" he moves his glass, gesturing towards you. "That's one of the nicest things anyone's ever said to me." his face is soft, you had cut through a few of the hard outer layers he put up to keep people out unintentionally. You were just being honest. "You're the one being nice." You smile tenderly, looking down.

"Like I said…you deserve it." you shrug and return to sipping from your glass, feeling warm all over for a plethora of reasons. His eyes

are drawn to you, the light from the television highlighting the planes of your face. He decides against his better judgment and puts his hand on your shoulder, almost on your back.
“Thanks, Y/N.” he says softly, his hand giving you a short-lived rub and pat before returning to his side.
You bashfully turn to him for a moment, you only dare to lock eyes for a few seconds. You give him a shy grin and mumble “Anytime.” He smirks at your response and hits play.
You keep your promise and don’t get scared at the movie. You both laugh and cringe at the same times. There were even a few moments where you both smacked at the other when something impressive would happen, saying “Did you see that?”. Besides those, there weren’t many words exchanged.
The credits roll, you feel fulfilled from a great movie, you get up and turn on the lamp next to him on the couch. You take your glass and wash it out in the sink, you put the chili in little Tupperware containers and put them in the fridge for him later.
“You’re even cleaning up and leaving me food.” he pauses and says it anyway, “Why on earth are you single?” he shakes his head with a soft laugh, looking at the TV, flipping through channels. You grin and shrug, finishing the dishes you’d dirtied.
“Probably for some the same reasons you are, Hop.” you reply, leaning on his counter top with your elbows, facing him. His level of drunkenness far surpassed yours as you’d already stopped because you had to drive home.
“Ouch. You got me there, Y/N.” he retorts, his eyes narrowing but his mouth forms that charming grin he used when his dates would show up to the station.
“Everything’s put up and cleaned, I’ll leave the movies with you and I’ll pick them up when I come back over. You need anything else from me before I go?” you’d made your way to the couch again by the end of your sentence. He wears a pondering look, rubbing his beard.
“No, you’ve already done too much for me tonight.” he huffs out as if he’s embarrassed.
“You sure?” He nods and you top off his drink. “I’ll be back over on Monday, so you’ll have the weekend to figure out how to pester me while I’m here.” you chuckle, sitting the bottle on the table. “Don’t drink much more of that tonight, by the way. I know I can’t tell you what to do, but I wouldn’t recommend it.

"I'll fall asleep soon enough, don't worry about me, Y/N." he says, dismissing your concern as politely as he could.
"Someone's got to." you give him another sweet expression. You've unknowingly given him another glance that he'll think about later. He scoffs again, but he knows you're right. You put on your layers again, your bag on your shoulder, your hand on the doorknob. "I'll see you soon, Hop." you raise your hand to wave goodbye. It almost feels as if you should hug him or something before you go, but you decide against it, that'd be too much. "Be careful and take care of yourself. Otherwise, you'll have to get lectured by me on Monday." you smirk and shake a pointed finger at him.
"Yes Ma'am," he nods, a goofy smile on his face as he rolls his eyes. You can't help but let a flirtatious smile make an appearance one more time before you leave.
"Night, Jim." you say low.
"Night, Y'N, drive safe." he's still waving as you shut the door behind you.

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He sits in bed, breathing heavy from the exertion to get there. A cigarette bounces off his lips, the last of the night. His mind feels like the smoke around him, whirling and slightly disoriented. Had he come on too strong? Were you actually flirting as much as he thought or where you truly just that nice. He plays his favorite memories of you in his head. He kills his cigarette and resettles, feeling more relaxed than he had in years. He wonders what you're doing as he falls asleep.

As you lay in your bed, the room pitch black, the light from the high moon filtered through your curtains, you find yourself thinking about him. Thinking about the entire night and how it had felt when he'd looked at you in a certain way, the hairs on your arms prickle up. You let out a heavy, noisy sigh, turning over and hoping you can act on what you wanted to do to the Chief in your dreams since you'd never be able to in real life. You were already looking forward to your forced babysitting again. Your last thought before falling asleep was wondering if he was doing the exact same thing right now, thinking of you.

2. Part 2

Summary for the Chapter:

> After your tri-weekly visits with the Chief become something you look forward to, what's going to happen after he doesn't need you to take care of him anymore?

Your Monday, Wednesday, and Friday trips became routine. You didn't mind them at all. You might even dare to say the two of you had become friends. You had plenty in common surprisingly, none of this you would've learned if he'd never broken his legs. You never thought yourself as the type of person who would be glad that someone broke their legs but…here you were.

You barely knocked before entering his home now, he hadn't seemed to mind. He was even up and moving on crutches the last time you saw him.
For some reason you felt a little nervous today though, waiting for your Friday night together. He'd had his casts removed and was now going through the weeks of physical therapy to get him back to normal. You were trying not to think about how your dates would end once he didn't need your help anymore. You figured you should just enjoy the time you had left because you weren't going to get to talk to him outside of the station after he came back to work. All this bonding felt like it might've been for nothing, but at least maybe now he'd be more inclined to let you sneak out of work a few minutes early.
You knock your knuckles against the Chief's door.
"Come on, Y/N!" you hear his loud voice through the door, you knock your boots on the door frame as you open the door. You turn your head to see him standing with the help of his hand on the counter as you walk in, your face lights up as you see the proud look on his face.
"Well look at you, Hop." you look him up and down, as you set the bag down on the countertop. You walk over to him, pretending to inspect his legs. "I forgot how damn tall you are." you laugh, moving your head to look up at him. He shrugs and nods, still beaming. "Can

you get around alright? How's the PT going?" you ask, returning to your bag and emptying its contents.
"Well, I can manage this. With the crutches I'm unstoppable though." he shakes his head with excitement about these changes.
"I'm glad to see you back on your feet." you give him a sweet smile. It's become one of his favorites of yours.
"Well that's good because I need you to help me sit down." he belly laughs and you quickly join, not hesitating to move towards him, throwing his arm over your shoulder so he could put his weight on you as he takes baby steps with many grunts and groans, back to the couch.
"You good?" you ask, leaning over him. You put your hand on his knee, not thinking anything of the casual touch at this point. He nods and grunts, resituating himself. "Alright then." you grin at him, he's adorable sometimes. You give his leg a quick pat and you're back in the kitchen.
"What are you spoiling me with tonight?" he asks, leaning on the arm of the couch.
"Well, Flo told me you'd gotten your casts off so I thought I'd do something nice for ya." you smile as you explain and continue to work on dinner.
"Oh, so everything you've done up to this point hasn't been nice? Because if that's been mean then I am really excited to see what you being nice is like." he smirks. You roll your eyes at him, a common gesture between the two of you now. It had always been truthfully, except now you did it to his face. You'd gotten used to his teasing manner rather quickly.
"You're such a smart ass." you chuckle. "I guess I should've said special instead." you shake your head, your eyes looking up at him, but your head still down, working. You get things set to get started. You peel your large knit sweater off, tossing it over the counter and onto a chair. You slip off your boots and protect your stocking covered feet with slippers. His place was far too cold in the winter for you so you'd brought your slippers with you in your bag to wear at his place. You pulled your v neck t-shirt out from the band of your mid-thigh hitting corduroy skirt and went back to the countertop, taking a big breath and looking at him while you twisted up your hair. "I am making a family recipe," you announce. He raises his eyebrows in interest. "My nanna would make it for me to cheer me up so I thought I'd make it for you." your tone was meant to make

him feel bad about teasing you. “However, it happens to be something sweet so…” you go to pick up his phone and set it next to him on the couch. “I want pizza for dinner. I’m buying,” you quickly add and cut him off before he starts to refuse, “HUSH! I’m buying, Hop.” you nod sternly and give him a look to accompany the pointed finger in his direction to not test you. You walk back behind the counter.
“Can I at least ask what it is?” he pouts as he scans the phone book for the pizza place that delivers all the way out to his house. A perk of being the Chief was that if you asked a place in town to deliver, they would, even if they didn’t usually drive this far out.
“Pecan Pie.” you say, laying out parchment paper, you take your old rolling pin in one hand and hold it up in the air to emphasize the pie’s importance.
“Is it from scratch?” he grins, like a mischievous child, looking up from the phone book. You cock your head and eyebrow at him.
“What do you think?” you sassily retort, setting the big bag of flour on the counter. He laughs and picks the phone up from the receiver.
“Of course it is.” he scrunches his nose at you and you do the same back. He’s such a cheese ball sometimes.
“I gotta concentrate. This’ll probably take until they get here with the pizza so…just lemme work, alright?” you ask sincerely.
“I’ll do anything you say for your baking.” he laughs, dialing the phone number. You smile to yourself as you get to work.

It takes a little over an hour to get your pizza, the poor young delivery guy was confused to see you, covered in flour, instead of the Chief at the door. You don’t bother to explain, you are starving and almost done with this pie and want to put it in the oven and be done with it. You set the box on the table and immediately take out a slice, and scarf it down on your way back to the countertop. Jim looks at you with an odd mixture of confusion and pride.
“I’m fucking starving,” you say with a full mouth, your hand covering it, laughter in your voice. You gulp it down, “I gotta finish this glaze and I’m done.” you go to check the temperature on the candy thermometer. He’s still shaking his head at you, slowly reaching for a slice of his own. “You never saw a girl eat pizza before?” you question, pouring the liquid into the crust, he waits until you are finished and look back up at him to respond.
“Well yeah but, not like that.” he laughs, his mustache floating over

the gooey cheese as he took huge bites and finished the crust off in two chomps. You raise your eyebrows, nodding in approval.
“Impressive” you praise before turning to slide the pie into the oven.
“Yeah, that’s what I was trying to say.” he adds matter-of-factly.
You shut the oven door and let out a frustrated noise. “I love this pie but I don’t love how long it takes just to get it in the damn oven.” you use a dish towel to dust yourself off. You grab the already cold long necks you’d set in the fridge upon arrival and sit 4 on the table and plop down. “You pop off one of the lids by pressing it into the side of your chest, twisting it. It pops with a fizz and you hand him the first one. When he doesn’t immediately take it from your hand you turn to look at him. He has the weirdest grin on his face, his eyebrows pushed together, if you didn’t know him any better you’d thought he might’ve been angry. "What?” you pause, your eyes darting around the room, looking for a reason for his expression. He slowly reaches for the beer, as usual, his fingers moving too slow over your own and takes a sip.
“Who are you?” he chuckles.
“Huh?” you ask, popping open a beer for yourself on the other side of your chest absent-mindedly.
“You’re inhaling pizza, you’re opening up beer with your boobs somehow, whatever witchcraft that is…and you act like it’s nothing. I’ve never met a woman who can do that and be a sweetheart who can bake a pie you’d break your legs for.” he uses his bottle to emphasize his talking points. You burst out in laughter, you’re not even sure why. Maybe at the preposterousness of his words.
“I am multi-faceted, Jim” you laugh. “You just didn’t know me as well as you thought you did.” you snark back.
“I would’ve invited you out if I’d known you were this fun.” he smirks, “Not that you were a wet blanket before I just never noticed before…” he trails off, getting another slice as you nurse your beer. You shrug.
“Well, we never have a chance to be ourselves at work. You should know that of all people. You’re nothing like you are at work when I’m here.”
“Yeah” he sighs, taking a big swig. “I know I’m an asshole but that’s how I get things done.” he half-heartedly shrugs.
“I get it. I mean you didn’t know about my magic beer opening boobs, I didn’t know you were such a dork, it all worked out.” you snicker. He pushes your arm with his free hand.

“Hey now,” he lets out a small huff of a laugh, “Get it out of your system now, Y/L/N because in a few weeks I’ll be Chief again and you can’t say that on the clock.” his laugh grows.
“Well I mean I could technically…” you snort, “But yeah, don’t fire me. I won’t call you an asshole to your face on the clock.” You laugh and your tongue peeks out of your mouth slightly.
“To my face!” he almost shouts, hitting his knee. “That’s my girl.” he laughs, turning back to the TV, giving your back a hard pat. You shake your head, you take your time eating your second slice.
You make small talk in the hour the pie cooks, you watch TV, you mostly just enjoy each others company. Shit talking as a team with Jim had become one of your favorite past times and you’d hope you’d catch chances to do it once he came back to work.
The oven beeps, Jim is already drooling at the smell.
He loves the pie. But of course, he does. Although the obscene noises he makes as you drop a big scoop of vanilla ice cream onto the piping hot pie on his plate made you blush a little.
“Aw, fuck, Y/N you’re killing me.” he groans, spoonful after spoonful of pie he makes noise, looking over at you in silence and making the dumbest faces of enjoyment you’ve ever seen. You act like he’s being embarrassing but you’d never tell him you loved it when he did this.
“The last time I heard you make those noises you had the decency to close your blinds and lock your door first.” you joke and he almost spits out a mouthful of pie. You have the smuggest look on your face, not looking at him, smile glaringly obvious, as you wrap your lips around the spoonful of deliciousness. You close your eyes and enjoy it, let him sit and wonder if you were serious.
“Oh. Wow. Uh…” he nervously laughs, running a hand through his hair, his face embarrassed.
“I’m kidding. But now I know you totally fuck in your office.” your head falls back into a wheezy laugh of triumph.
“Oh…you’re bad.” he shakes his head, his voice low but playful.
“I’m the worst.” you say with a mouthful of pie, settling back into the couch cushions.
“I’m going to have to keep a close eye on you.” You nod and smile, as he lets out a reluctant chuckle.
The rest of the evening is just as pleasant as the other nights you’ve spent camped out on his couch with him. You’re pulling your sweater over your head and he speaks up.
“Can I ask you something serious before you go?” his voice was

indifferent, just the slightest bit higher pitched than usual.
“Yeah, of course.” you say, pulling down your sweater over your skirt.
“I’ve noticed over the past few weeks that you’ve had lots of,” he pauses, making an uncomfortable face, ’…Bruises all over you.“ he pauses again, waiting to see your face before he continues. Your eyes are their usual big wide selves, he doesn’t think he’s crossed a line or offended you so he continues. "I don’t need to be worried about that, do I? I mean it’s not my business ultimately but if someone is giving you those I-” his voice was strained and growing louder, you decide to cut him off before he gets more upset.
“Jim it’s fine,” you say, trying to have a comforting tone. He shuts his mouth but his eyes are still sad. You go sit back on the couch with your boots in hand. “Calm down hoss,’” you say, with a smile, putting a hand on his shoulder. He relaxes under your touch. He rests his back on the couch, not even realizing he’d tensed and sat forward during his words. He’d just been really worried he was going to have to hurt someone for hurting you. You smirk at him, letting him know nothing is wrong. “I gave them to myself.” you state, sliding your slippers off.
“Can I get more of an explanation than that?” you’ve never heard his voice sound so close to pleading.
“Of course,” you begin, you put your boots on while you talk. “I would’ve mentioned them myself but I’ve been slightly embarrassed to tell you,” you take a deep breath before you start your explanation,“I started taking these swing dance classes because I thought I needed some sort of physically active hobby and I like dancing so… I went with that.” you explain, shy to share this information with him. It felt oddly intimate to share for some reason.
“Swing dancing?” he asks.
“Yeah. It always looked fun. It’s downtown on 2nd street, that little dance studio on Sunday nights.”
“So that’s why the bruises were always worse after the weekend.” he narrows his eyes, putting the story together.
“You really thought I was lettin’ someone beat up on me?” you ask surprised.
“I know you fairly well now but, you aren’t here on the weekends, I don’t know what you do.” he shrugs, his mouth twitched in thought.
“I’ve had one man, well, boy I should say, lay hands on me. Once.” you know he understands your point of it never happened again after

the first time. He nods, a smile forming on his lips. He felt proud of you for some reason. It was a peace of mind to know he didn't have to worry about one of his own dealing with something like that. Especially not his new favorite.
"Good." he reaches out without really thinking and rubs your back, wanting to comfort you for bringing up the bad memory. "Sorry for bringing it up." he withdraws his hand.
"It's fine. It's actually really very sweet of you to care enough to bring up a potentially uncomfortable subject. So, thanks." you give him that sweet smile he loves.
"Anytime." he smirks, mirroring your response your first night there after you'd gushed over him. "What is this about swing dancing?" he sits forward a bit, he seems genuinely interested.
"I take classes once a week. I like it a lot actually, it's really fun. The music is good too. I needed something besides the damn treadmill to get my heart rate up and it certainly does that." you explain. Jim almost makes an entirely too flirty comment about getting your heart rate up but given the current circumstances but he holds back. "Getting spun and thrown around is really fun once you get used to it." you innocently continue. More inappropriate comments roll through his head, he needed to get a grip on himself. "That's about it. I get bruises from being bad at it basically, " you pause to laugh at yourself, "I'm not bad at it exactly, I just get carried away and my hands and feet end up moving too far too fast and I knock on my partner or hell, even a door once." you laugh openly at the memory.
"You know I used to swing dance." his voice heavy with nostalgia already.
"WHAT?" you shout, turning in your seat towards him. "Nuh-uh." you tease.
"I did!" his eyes go wide and he can't help but smile at you. "I was good back in the day. Fast too," he smirks. "Bet your dance partner isn't as good as I was." he winks at you, his tongue slipping between his teeth.
"Well it changes depending on who is in the class but you're probably right." you smile, breaking the long-held eye contact. This was music to his ears, this meant you didn't have a man going to the classes with you. "It would be nice to have someone to go out dancing with." you let slip, not intending to add that last part out loud. "I haven't been out dancing in," your eyes go wide, your heavily exhale. "Years." your mouth screws up realizing you hadn't been out to do

something you love in a very long time. Now you're full of nostalgia too.
"Well," he leans in the tiniest bit closer to you "How about I make you a deal?" his arm slides across the back of the couch, you look back up at him from your fidgeting hands.
"I'm listening." you say hesitantly, a smile already tugging at your lips.
"Once I get cleared, in however many weeks that may be, I'll go dancing with you." he offers so smooth and casual you can barely stand it. You can't hide the blush that crept over your cheeks. You were very surprised and flattered, you were obviously very taken aback by his offer.
"Really?" is all you can get out, your big doe eyes staring intently into his hooded blue ones.
"Yeah, really," he says in the sweetest, softest voice you'd heard him use. By habit, you narrow your eyes at him, your mouth in a close-lipped smile. "I'm serious, Y/N, you've done nothing but take the best care of me this entire time, it's the very least I could do." his tone wasn't taunting or teasing. You let a smile that scrunches up your nose with happiness show openly. "Is that cute face a yes?" he's back to teasing you. You close your mouth but your nose stays scrunched.
"Yes it is." you softly reply. He'd taken down your defenses with a simple change of his tone. Your inner-self was pulling a muscle she was eye-rolling at you so hard.
"You know of a place we can go to do this?" he tilts his head. Yeah, your bedroom is the answer your mind gives you as an option first.
"Yeah. I've gone there before with some of my girlfriends." you're unintentionally glowing about his promise. You look away from his gaze, feeling a bit vulnerable suddenly. Your hands smooth your skirt over your thighs.
"Then it's settled." he found his hands itching to reach out to touch you. You nervously tuck your hair behind your ears. He knows he's made you happy but your reaction is more promising than he had hoped.
"I'm looking forward to it." you sheepishly bite your lip. Oh, man were you really, really looking forward to it.

3. Part 3

Summary for the Chapter:

> After your tri-weekly visits with the Chief become something you look forward to, what's going to happen after he doesn't need you to take care of him anymore? Your original plans for the last evening you were supposed to spend with Hopper get changed. But you have a feeling his idea might be better, in the end.

"Y/N!" you hear Flo call after you as she sees you hurry past her desk towards the door. It was your last Friday with the Chief. You were a bit of a mess about it on the inside. You were sad to see it go but anxious to see him.

"Yeah?" you back peddle to her desk. She looks you over thoughtfully.
"You stopping anywhere before you head over to the Chief's?" she asks, pen drumming against an open file.
"I was gonna go home and freshen up, probably run by the store on the way over there. Why?"
"He called, said you shouldn't bother bringing dinner tonight." she smirked at you. You just looked at her confused. You always made him something. It was one of your favorite parts about going over there.
"Uh…okay?" you say, scratching your head. You shake your head and shrug, "He say anything else weird?" you ask, only slightly joking.
"No, but is there anything you'd like to tell me, sweetheart?" she asks, her tone heavy with implications. "I'm very good at keeping secrets," she promises with a smile. You tilt your head at her, your furrowed brow made her think that maybe you didn't realize what was going on. "About you and the Chief." she just puts it out there into the world. Your eyes go wider than you would've liked them to, but besides that you kept calm.
"Not really, no?" you shake your head. She patiently waits. You step

closer to her desk and look around the office and down the hall for eavesdropping ears. “But he did tell me he’d take me out dancing once he got better and it’s thrown me way off my game.” you whisper to her. She nods silently.
“So a date?” she asks obviously.
“Psh!” you start to deny her statement but she watches the thought process fall over your face as you also consider this as an option. “Oh shit.” you whisper, “Oh no, did he ask me out on a date?” you harshly whisper again. “I just thought he was being nice.” you squeak.
“Jim Hopper is not known to be nice without motive, dear.” she grins at you. You give in and lean your elbows on the counter in front of her.
“He never said date,” you explain. “I said I was taking swing dance lessons and that I missed going out dancing and he offered to take me.” you pause, chewing on your bottom lip, “He said it was the least he could do after everything I did to take care of him.” Flo continues to listen, nodding. “What does this have to do with me bringing him dinner?” it hits you and you put your face in your hands. “Flo…” you start to ask, your voice embarrassed.
“Mmm Hmm.” she encourages you.
“He’s taking me out tonight isn’t he?” you peek through your fingers at her. She nods. “Jesus, it’s a date isn’t it?” you groan out under your breath. Flo crosses her arms and laughs. “He’s not well enough to go dancing though.” you exclaim with your hands.
“Isn’t he?” she asks, tilting her head.
“What the hell does that mean Flo?” you say agitated, everything hitting you at once.
“Isn’t it possible, IN THEORY, that he might’ve been hiding how his progress was going so he could surprise you tonight? What was supposed to be your last night together? Are you following me girl?” her eyebrows raised, giving you attitude by looking at your over her glasses.
“Yes ma'am,” you say, your head in your hands on the counter. “And you’re the one taking him to his PT sessions…” you say looking up at her again. She nods.
“You’re starting to get it,” she says, looking back down to her paperwork. “But you didn’t hear it from me. He’d be mad as hell if he knew I let it slip so,” she uses an imaginary lock to shut her lips and tosses the key away.

“Yeah I get it.” you sigh and stand back up straight. “Guess I’ll go get ready for a…” you pause and exhale heavily as you face the door. “date.” you turn back to Flo as your hand pushes against the glass of the station’s double doors. “Thanks, by the way.”
“Wear shoes you can dance in is my advice.” she pauses until you start to open the door again. “He’s been so much easier to deal with since you two have been hanging out together, sweetheart. You have absolutely nothing to be nervous about, believe me,” she glances over her glasses again at you before you make the final shove to leave. “So thank you.” You blush and give her a shy grin before heading straight home to have a panic attack.

He opens the door as you raise your hand to knock, it still caught you off guard when he did that. You jump just slightly, already tense despite all the stretching you did before you left the house. You look up at him, still getting used to how he towered over you again.
“Hey Hop.” you say sweetly, dropping your hand back down to intertwine with the other at your waist.
“Hey sweetheart” his voice reminds you of the bourbon you drank that first night together. It was warm and deliciously smooth, making you tingle and want to make bad decisions. You want to melt into a puddle, but instead, you decided to just smile at him.
“You’re all dressed up.” you say, trying to sell the idea that you didn’t know what was going on. You hoped he bought it.
“I thought I might mix it up a bit tonight. If that’s alright with you.” he gives the most charming smile that made you want to swoon. He was laying it on thick tonight and you were so here for it.
“Sure, what’s up?” you scan him from his feet to his face, you were very familiar with how good he looked in his uniform but this v neck sweater had to be your favorite thing you’d seen him in so far.
“Well, it’s a little embarrassing,” he rubs the back of his neck and you get a good view of just how broad he is and your knees want to knock together from weakness. “I think I might’ve overlooked a minor detail when I promised you I’d go dancing,” you give him your best confused puppy look and he continues, “I remembered that you said for something to count as a date, someone had to specifically ask the other person out,” he pauses to gauge your reaction, you nod in calm agreement, “And I’m afraid I didn’t do that properly when I said I’d go dancing with you.” you gulp even though you know what’s coming. “So, Y/N, I’d like to ask you if you’d like to go out on a date

with me tonight to go dancing." you can almost see him be unsure, a small crack in his armor of charm.
"It's a little short notice, don't ya think, Jim?" you scrunch your nose and giggle, swatting his chest with your hand flirtatiously. "I'd love to go out with you." He smirks at your acceptance and moves towards you, pulling the door shut behind him.
"I don't want to waste any more time, I've got a beautiful woman to impress tonight." he teases, reaching out for your hand as he waits at the top steps for you. You roll your eyes but the smile on your face gives you away, you take his hand and you get that knock-kneed feeling again. He opens the door to his Blazer for you, holding your hand until you're completely seated. You let out a little squeak of excitement while he looks down at his keys on the way over to his side of the vehicle. You had to, you felt like a teenager, just wanting to explode over every possibility the night could bring.

"I thought it was a little strange you didn't want me to cook you dinner." you side eye him as he slides into the booth across from you. His warm laugh is low and rumbles through you like the vibrations of the music over the speakers. "Especially since I thought this might be the last night I got to." you look away and out into the bar. "I was going to miss it." you give him a small, sly smile as your eyes reconnect with his.
"This won't be as good as what you'd make but I hoped I could make up for the difference." His flirting was out in full force now. Neither of you had anything to hide anymore, nothing to hold either of you back. Now you were just two adults who knew they liked each other. Which was scarier but opened up MANY more options to be explored and you wanted to check every one of them off the list.
You ate, you drank, the conversation came easy between the two of you when you were alone. But now it was time for him to put his money where his mouth was.
"You've been talking a big game," you pause as his eyes, now dark with his true intentions look over you as you speak, "you ready to show me what ya got?" you throw back the last of the liquid in your glass, sliding it away from you on the table. That smug sexiness you loved radiated off of him as he set his glass on the table and wordlessly got up and extended his hand.
"Are you ready?" he challenges. You're so glad to be on the receiving end of his charm.

“For you? Always.” you say enthusiastically, letting him pull you from your seat to the floor. You try to feel the beat of the music as you make your way out, bopping your head. You were fairly certain a Stray Cats song was playing. “Guess we need to feel each other out first…” you say, biting your lip, trying to focus.
“Oh I’m very familiar with this part, sweetheart.” he purrs, grabbing your hand and yanking you against him. Your nose almost hits his chest, your hand flat against him you let out a tiny ‘oof’ as you catch yourself.
“Apparently so.” you say softly with surprise as you look up at him. You try to loosen up, push back at him, make this night more interesting. His arm sliding across your lower back and holding you tightly pulls you out of your self-psyche up and back to Hopper. You correct your posture and hold the hand formerly occupying his chest out for him to envelop with his own. You take a deep breath and you start to sway.
It all moves quickly with the beat from there. You start to bop, he matches your pace. His arm swings you out and you twist back in just as easily. Your hands meet, your hips swivel and you’re both moving in time with the other. You lose count of the hip gyrations and spins at some point. It all blurs together in one big adrenaline rush as you read each other’s bodies so well you’ve lost the feeling of any awkwardness. Even as your ass presses up against his hips, moving in synced circles. He spins you into his chest, holding you there. “Wanna try sliding through my legs?” he asks. Your eyes go wide.
“Really?” you ask, your face screwing up in excitement as you both continue to swing.
“I’m game if you are.” he says with confidence. You don’t even second guess it in the moment, you nod and bite your lip. He takes a deep breath and you separate. You make a few circles around each other, your head wobbles back and forth, your hair spins out around you, whipping into your face as your eyes meet again, ready to attempt this trick, but you had no doubt he’d perform as advertised. You were now held together by one hand. You sink down, he swings his leg over your extended arm. You reach your other hand to grab both of his own and you slide right between his long legs, spinning and popping up in front of him, both hands tightly gripped in his. You can’t hold it in, you let out an excited shout, you head falling back in laughter, before grabbing his hands tightly back.
“Holy shit you’re strong!” you say as he spins you back into him

again. You lay your forehead against his chest and you want to collapse with laughter, riding out your endorphin high. Your hand rests on his rapidly rising and falling chest, more comfortable than it had the first time.
“And you’re adorable when you’re surprised.” he can’t help but laugh with you as your body shook against his. You feel his hands let yours go, but they quickly go to your waist as your arms instinctually brace against his, he starts to lift you, “C'mon.” he laughs, motioning his head away from the dance floor. He picks you up and spins, his long legs taking you far enough away from the busy floor quicker than you could have. You’re still a heaving mess of laughter as you slide into the booth again. You run your fingers through your hair, elbow resting on the table. You both sit and catch your breath. You sip on the water you had left on the table.
“If I didn’t already know that you had broken legs a few months ago, and you told me now, I’d say you were a fuckin’ liar.” you praise his performance.
“Thanks.” he huffs out, stealing some of your water. You sit back in the booth, slouching your shoulders as you started to relax again.
“I’m more tired now than I am after an entire dance class,” you slide the water back across to you, taking a drink. “That was much more effective,” you chuckle. “And a lot more fun.” you add, your mouth turning up with a lazy smile as your eyes went back to working their way across Jim’s upper body. You rest your chin in one hand, the other rests on the table top, slightly extended, you trace circles with your fingertips across its surface.
“You won’t hold it against me if I only give you one dance this time, will ya?” he asks, rubbing his beard. I’d like to hold you against me, you think to yourself. “I promise I’ll throw you all over this place next time.” he laughs, reaching out and holding your hand. Your heart flutters, your stomach flips.
“You know you don’t even have to ask that.” you roll your eyes, flipping your hair away from your face with your free hand.
“I know. Doesn’t mean it’s going to stop me though.” he shrugs his broad shoulders.
“I’d say that mentality got your legs broken in the first place.” you tease. He laughs and bites his lip at you as if he was in deep thought.
“And I’d do it again if it meant I’d end up with you.” his voice was back to that golden amber bourbon smoothness that made your body want to react without consulting your brain first, which was precisely

what it was about to do.
“Jim?” you draw his name out slowly, as your face and chest flush, your lips pout a little more than they have to after you take your time wetting them.
“What is it, baby?” he purrs at you, his thumb rubbing over the back of your hand. You almost visibly react to him calling you baby. Your eyes drift to your hands, then slowly back up, through your thick lashes over to his now dark and hungry gaze.
“You wanna get out of here?” you boldly ask, your tone was not subtle. Your brain doesn’t know what to do. Your normal reluctant self is screaming, your hormones are cheering and your inhibitions just jumped out out the window. He visibly reacts to your words, it’s like you’d flipped a switch and his face shifts into the sexiest expression you’ve possibly ever seen. He brings your hand up to his mouth, his lips softly and slowly compressing and moving against your skin.
“You know you don’t even have to ask that.” he smirks, kissing the inside of your wrist just as thrillingly slow. He was too good at using your words against you. You both moved quickly to the Blazer.
You dare to scoot closer to him in the long seat, crossing your legs towards him, you rest your head on his shoulder, his hand rests on your thigh. You wouldn’t even make an excuse about it being cold and needing to be warmed up if he wanted to make any snarky remarks, you’d probably just move his hand higher up your thigh.

You set your purse on the chair near the door, taking off your coat and tossing it on top, you begin to turn towards him and before you can his hands are on your hips, pushing you against the counter. You’re surprised but more than willing to work with this. Before you even speak he picks you up at the waist and sits you on the countertop, your faces are basically level with each other. You let out a small noise of surprise and he smiles at you, almost sweetly. “You make the sexiest little noises,” he whispers as he leans in closer to you. Your heavy-lidded eyes and the way you slowly let your lip pop out from under your teeth after biting down on it is something he’d also describe as sexy. “I hope you don’t mind if we just stop with the cutesy shit and I finally get to know what you taste like.” he says low, heavy and masculine. You might’ve fallen if he hadn’t sat you down already. One of his hands had already found it’s way up to the side of your face, he traced his thumb over your bottom lip, watching it as

he spoke. You saw no hesitation in his eyes and you decided to follow his lead. You open your mouth, shaking your head.
“I don’t mind,” you pause for just a moment, licking your lips, your tongue grazing over his thumb, “In fact, I insist.” a low, slow distinctly feminine laugh rises from deep in your chest. You only hear his low growl for a moment before he crashes his mouth against yours. Your eyes flutter shut, your breath catches as you’re hit with a feeling that you could only think to describe as being submerged in warm honey. Both hands held your face as he kissed you hard and slow. You melted against him, tiny moans escaping you as he pressed into you. His tongue made its way into play, and your arms couldn’t stand to not be around him any longer. You make more of those sexy little noises, bringing your hands up to his forearms. You glide your hands over his, you move his hands down to your ass and run your hands up his arms and around his neck. Your fingers snake through his hair as he groans into your mouth, you smile against his lips as his big hands roughly handle your soft flesh. One of his hands moves up your back pulling your bodies tightly together. But you both want more. You pull your face and tight grip away from him to speak and he just moves his mouth across your jaw and your drop your head to the side to give him whatever he wants. “Are we gonna make it to your bed or do you plan on fucking me on this countertop?” you say breathlessly.
“Y/N,” he groans, both of his hands moving up your thighs, running under the loose bottom of your dress. “How can you be so sweet,” he says between kisses on your throat, “and still have words like that come from your gorgeous mouth?” you let out another low laugh that only bubbled up inside you when you were being touched like this. He pulls back and his hands dig into your hips. “Put your arms back around me, sweetheart,” he says softly before returning to kissing you. His hands slide under your thighs and he carries you to his bedroom. You let out an unsure sound and he chuckles at you, lips still moving against yours. “I got you baby.” he reassures you as he shuts the door behind him with his foot. Your back hits the bed, and he’s on top of you in an instant. His hands are up your dress immediately. You whine against him, pulling his sweater up and off of him. You quickly reconnect and his hands work your dress up, slowly. He kneads your body as he pushes it up, kissing and sucking on your neck. You silently part again, you remove your dress from over your head, your shoes are kicked off easily. You see how

disproportionately naked you are compared to him.
“Take off everything.” you almost snarl at him, he bites his lip at you and does as you ask while you also take off everything. You wanted every bit of flesh up against his. He leaned over you for a few seconds, watching you underneath him, your chest heaving, reaching for him with your lips parted, pouting. He’s back on you with his blistering hot skin, your fingertips mapping out every inch of him they could. It doesn’t take him long to bury his face between your breasts, pushing them together with his big hands. He lets out a loud groan into your sternum.
“You’re so fuckin’ soft.” he whispers, his mouth and tongue are almost massaging you he’s pressing himself against you so hard. He takes one of your nipples into his mouth and you let out the first loud moan of the night. The first of many but that doesn’t stop his eyes from rolling back in his head at the sound. He needed to hear you make those sounds, he wanted to work every moan, groan, gasp and cry out of you he could. “Fuck, baby.” he shakes his head, mouth open against your now hard nipple. He sucks hard on the sensitive bud, you gasp and groan as he continues, his other hand mirrors the actions of his mouth on your other breast. He knows he’s making progress when your back arches and you whine as he sucks and pinches your tits.
“Fuck,” you moan out in a heavy breath. You knew you had to be embarrassingly wet already, his hands hadn’t even grazed over your most sensitive parts. He leaves his mouth on you, his tongue swirling and flicking, building the heat between your thighs. His hand moves down your stomach, past your shifting hips. His hands passing where you longed them to go, instead deflecting to grab at your inner thighs. “I need you, just touch me.” you confide as he rises to kiss you. His eyes shut and he groans again, his fingers immediately obey your orders and slide between your lips and across your clit. You whimper quietly, his mouth distracting you by kissing you deeply again.
“A sweet thing like you shouldn’t be this wet already.” he says low and taunting against your ear. You groan at his words.
“You’d think you’d figure out by now that I’m not all that sweet.” you say through gritted teeth, his fingers working in circles around your clit. You pull away from his mouth, making sure you look into his eyes as you speak. “There’s nothing sweet about how badly I want your cock.” He let out a low hum of approval.

“You’re so fuckin’ sexy.” he pants out as his hand yanks away from your core, hooking around your hip and smacking against your ass, grabbing your cheek roughly. He presses his hips against yours, you can feel that at least you and his cock were on the same page. “You keep talkin’ like that and I’ll give you whatever you want.” he says breathlessly.
“That’s the idea, Chief.” you say, smirking as he smacks your ass hard again, and you let out an encouraging squeal. Shaking his head against your neck, his hand returns to your pussy lips, just circling your clit enough before he slips one finger inside you.
“Yes,” you hiss out. He moves it slowly in and out of you. “More.” you moan, his mouth is on yours again, with more teeth and urgency than before. He takes your lip between his teeth and tugs.
“Anything you want, baby girl.” he was drunk off of you. Drinking you in with his mouth, taking in your intoxicating words that he never expected to hear from your sweet, kind, made for wrapping around his cock, lips. He goes in with two fingers, you moan against him again, your breaths sounded more high pitched now, he knew he was on the right track. He pumps slow, steady but deep, giving you the contact and pressure you so desperately craved.
“Mmm, like that, that’s so good.” you whimper against him, your mouth parted and practically panting.
“Is that how you want me to fuck you, baby?” he whispers in your ear, his breathing directly against it. You almost cry out at his words, tensing around his fingers. “You want me to fuck you nice and slow? You want me deep inside you like this?” he licks at the shell of your ear. Pushing his fingers in as far as he could. Your lips tremble and your eyes roll back in your head and you push your head back into the bed.
“Yes.” you cry breathlessly. You turn your head towards him, needing to kiss him more. You both moan and breathe heavily against each other. “I need you, Jim, please.” you reach down and find him throbbing hard for you. You snarl your lip at him, impossibly turned on. You turn your head and open your mouth, sticking out our tongue and exaggerate the licking of your palm, making it wet and returning it to start jerking him off. His hips push into the motions of your hand almost on contact. You smirk, not finding the wetness to your liking, you hold his gaze and spit into your hand, you hold him tight and pump him faster.
“Fuck, that’s hot.” he growls, kissing you hard, fucking you with his

fingers faster. You can't help that your mouth drops open, gasping, you try to keep your hand around him but he's pumping into you so hard you're tits are bouncing against his chest. Your hands go to his big shoulders, holding him tight. "Tell me what you need baby. I want to hear that sweet mouth say those filthy words." you can't help but smile, you were enjoying yourself too much.
"I need your cock," you take a heavy breath, pacing your demands like you were reading them from a list. "I need you to fuck me," you whine from his fingers still relentless. "…and I need to come around that big cock." he curses and groans, biting into your neck. "Give your baby girl what she wants." you rasp out as his teeth make contact with your skin.
"Anything you want, baby, anything." the words come out sounding more like a confession than dirty talk. He guides the head of his cock against your clit, coating himself in your wetness, your thighs tremble. He fills you up slowly. Your eyes close as they roll back again, you felt like he would burst you at the seams but you wanted nothing less than exactly that. He stills at your quietness. You were trying to relax so you could stretch around him. He stays still inside you, kissing your throat tenderly now, his arms rest on either side of your head, when you raise your head from it's tilted position he lays his forehead against yours. The closeness, the intimacy you felt and saw in how he looked at you sent a shiver through you. "I don't want to hurt you," he whispers. "You're so tight."
"You feel so good, baby, move." you kiss him tenderly, "I want all of you, give it to me." you say softly. He kisses you, slowly. It was like he could make the air around you still and all you could remember that existed was the two of you together. He moved so slow, so carefully. He would let out a small, closed mouth moan every time he would drag himself out of you and fill you up again. It was deliberate and intense. You don't know what you expected from Jim but this hadn't been it. He fucked you like he might break you, his fingers eventually finding their way to your clit and the sound that escapes your mouth even surprises you. "Harder." you plead, the wet sounds your bodies made were the only ones you focus on. He gives you what you want, still slow, but sharper and deeper. You were moaning together helplessly with every thrust. The cries and curses that escaped you as your orgasm built were like music to his ears. You raise your hands to grip in his hair as you kissed him deeply, as slowly as he was fucking you, it was too much, you were so close.

You fluttered around him and he groaned loudly, biting down on your bottom lip.
“You feel so good,” he whispers, his forehead against yours again. “You gonna come for me?” he kisses you softly. You tremble and whine, tensing around him again. You nod almost frantically.
“So close,” you whisper back to him. “Don’t stop, you feel so fucking good,” you say rushed but enthusiastically. He grins at you, he can’t help it, you’re more than he ever expected. You flutter around him again, this time a warning. “I’m gonna come.” you say in a pathetic, small cry. You feel it building, threatening to crash at any moment.
“That’s it, baby, I’m gonna make you come around this big cock just like you wanted.” his words break your stream of consciousness as you orgasm peaks with very loud moans. It crashes over you as his arms hold you tight, feeling every twitch and pulse your body made around him. “That’s my girl, yes, yes.” he groans, his hips faltering. His hands are in your hair, holding your face, you gaze at him while your body is helplessly wracked with wave after wave of pleasure. Your hand trembles on the side of his face, as you gasp against him. He turns his face to kiss your hand to still it. He lets out a rough, loud moan.
“You gonna come for me, now?” you whisper, voice raspy and still full of lust. He grits his teeth and nods. “Fuck me faster,” you demand, he does not hesitate. “Fill me up. I want all of you.” You crash your lips against his. He harshly kisses you back. His grip on you is bruising. Your own shouts are drowned out by his. His hand slamming down on your hip and holding you as he roughly fucked his way through his orgasm.
His moans grew high pitched the more he came down. He eventually slowed, opening his eyes again, looking down at you. Both your pupils were still blown, your lips were swollen and sore but that didn’t stop you from kissing him. You laid under him, panting, your hand gently rests on the side of his face, he leans into your touch, the sounds of a completely satisfied and exhausted man linger for a few moments more. You think you might want to stay in this moment forever. Your heart slows, your bodies lose their tension and he brings his weight onto just one arm, resting his head on your chest. You look down at him, smitten. He places small chaste kisses on your skin. You sigh against his displays of affection. Would it be too much to ask for him to be a cuddler too? Not that you were in a hurry to get him out or off of you. The weight was comforting. You run your

fingers through his hair as he lays small kisses on your chest, with no particular pattern or motive. He eventually stirs and looks up at you for a few weighted moments, his eyes taking in the sight of you in his bed, freshly fucked.
“Do you know how gorgeous you are?” he asks, eyes not meeting yours but drifting across the rest of you. His hand pushes your hair away from your face. You just smile and bite your lip at him.
“Do you know how handsome you are?” you respond. You just let out a soft laugh and he kisses you gently before he pulls out of you, collapsing on the bed next to you. Before you can hide it, a strong yawn takes hold of you and you shake involuntarily with it. You sit up on your elbows, testing your legs before you sit up on the edge of the bed. You feel Jim’s hand on your back, you can feel his calloused skin drag across yours.
“You don’t have to go unless you want to.” he says quietly. Almost as if he was afraid of your response. You turn halfway towards him on the bed.
“I just need to pee.” you giggle. Your hand reaches out and pats his stomach. His face looks relieved and he rolls on his back, his forearm over his eyes.
“You go do that and I’ll fix the bed.”
You make the short walk out of the room to the bathroom. You give yourself a good, hard look in the mirror. You look like the most sexually satisfied woman on earth. Your hair should be the definition of sex hair, your posture relaxed, a smile that couldn’t be erased on your face. You pee and clean up, running the brush on his counter through your hair and rubbing your eye makeup away. There wasn’t a trace of lipstick left to be seen so you didn’t have to worry about that. You lean against the door frame of his room to watch him, he’s back in bed, a lit cigarette bouncing off his lip. The bed was turned down, he even had a pillow just for you. He greedily watches you walk naked across the room and crawl into bed next to him. You pull the covers up, not caring if you covered yourself completely, you were past that now.
“Can I have one?” you motion to the cylinder between his lips.
“You smoke?” he says surprised, his words muffled by the cylinder he held in his talented mouth.
“Sometimes.” you nod, grinning at him.
“I’ve never seen you smoke.” he exclaims, holding the open pack to you, you take the lighter off his lap, you mirror his posture by sitting

up against the headboard.
“You’d never seen me come before tonight either, but that doesn’t mean I’ve not done it before.” you tease. You remove the cigarette and stick out your tongue. “Oh damn, these do not fuck around do they?” you say at the cigarette. He laughs and nods.
“No, they do not. They’re…pretty harsh, no peer pressure.” he chuckles, resting his arm around you, you nestle in under it. You continue small puffs, your favorite part of smoking was always watching the smoke undulate around you anyway. “You look really sexy right now with that, not gonna lie.” You hold the cigarette between your fingers, exhaling a cloud of smoke and winking at him. He pulls you closer and kisses the top of your head. You lean over him, putting the cigarette in the ashtray on his nightstand. You quickly snuggle up to him, face on his chest.
“So it’s alright if I stay the night?” you ask, your eyelids start to feel heavy.
“You shouldn’t have to ask that,” he grins and you smirk, your eyelashes flutter against his skin. He found himself wanting to gush over you, this vixen hiding in plain sight, somehow going unnoticed for years by him.
You plant a small kiss on his chest before you lay your head down again.
“We’ve been so close to each other this whole time. How did we not…click before?” he shakes his head. “It took breaking both my fuckin’ legs to notice.” he exhales his last drag and his cigarette joins yours in the ashtray.
“That’s sweet in a fucked up, serendipitous sorta way.” you mumble. “I guess your legs were just meant to be broken.”